

# Dire Straits, One World

Can't find no sleeves for my records  
Can't get no laces for my shoes  
Can't get no fancy notes  
On my blue guitar  
Can't get no antidote for blues

Can't find the reasons for your actions  
Or I don't much like the reasoning you use  
Somehow your motives are impure  
Or somehow I can't find the cure  
Can't find no antidote for blues

They say it's mostly vanity  
That writes the plays we act  
They tell me that's what everybody knows  
There's no such thing as sanity  
And that's the sanest fact  
That's the way the story goes

Can't get no remedy on my TV  
There's nothing but the same old news  
They can't find a way to be  
One world in harmony  
Can't get no antidote for blues